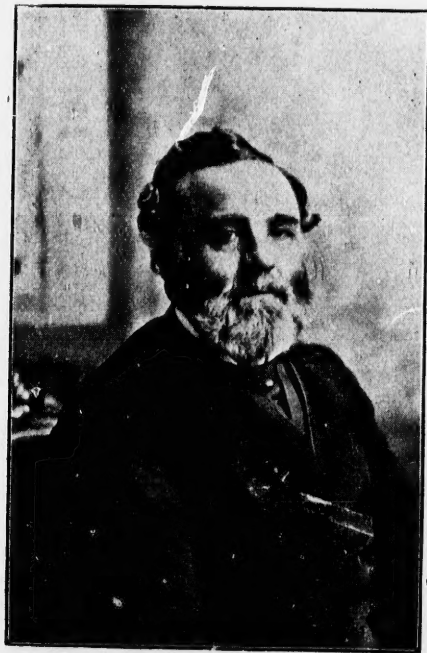




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Memorial Service

OF THE LATE

DR. J. W. ROSEBRUGH,

HELD IN

CENTENARY CHURCH,

HAMILTON.

March 27th, 1897.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."—Tennyson.



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ADDRESS

BY

REV. A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE HAMILTON
LADIES' COLLEGE.



Centenary Church feels bereaved to-day, and no wonder ; for one of her most active and influential members and officials has been taken from her, and a form familiar to us all for decades will be seen no more in her councils, nor tread her aisles again. But the College I represent feels still more bereaved. Dr. Rosebrugh was one of the original directors of the Hamilton Ladies' College. It may interest this audience to know who constituted that Board. Nearly every name has become historic. The ministerial members were Drs. Ryerson, Wood, Stinson, Rice, Douglass, Nelles, Rose, and the Rev.

Richard Jones—all beneath the sod to-day. The laymen all made their mark on our city and the country generally. They were Edward Jackson, J. Lister, D. Moore, C. McQuesten, M.D., J. W. Rosebrugh, M.D., Archibald Macallum, George Roach, Edward Gurney, William Boice, and Robert Evans. Geo. Roach, one of the ex-mayors of our city, is the sole survivor of the original Board. Such men as these can not leave us without being missed. The first resolution that was moved in connection with our College was under date of July 6, 1860. The minutes read: "On motion of Dr. Rosebrugh, seconded by Dr. Ryerson, it was unanimously resolved that the following be the prospectus of the institution for the education of young ladies in the city of Hamilton." Always active, he probably moved or seconded as many resolutions as any member of our Board.

When our College became affiliated to Victoria University, he was elected our representative on the Senate of Victoria, and he held that position till his death.

Dr. Rosebrugh was a man of strong individuality. He had convictions, and he stood by them. He was at once an enemy of cant and of fads. He was a man of the strictest honor and integrity. No man or party need go to him for sympathy with wrong. He would have resisted such a proposal with all the strength of his nature. I think I knew him well. Indeed, I was very intimate with him, and it is no little satisfaction to me to feel this afternoon that I have no recollection of either word or act of which any honorable Christian gentleman need be ashamed. He took a broad and generous view of men, and, especially in his later years, had an explanation for the weaknesses and defects of his fellow-man, and took pleasure in viewing the brighter side of human nature, and finding comfort even in what might be considered untoward providences.

He belonged to a profession whose members know little of rest. Calls by night and by day—often as unreasonable as they are urgent and unremunerative,

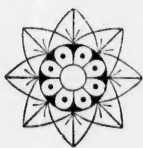
yet they must be responded to. I know of no profession that makes a heavier demand on all that is brave and generous in human nature, that calls for greater elasticity both of body and soul, that makes a more continuous strain on close observation, study and thought. Neither the selfish, the careless, nor the indolent should ever cross its portals. He that would in this profession measure up to the demands of this most exacting age, or even maintain an approving conscience, must burn the student's lamp to his latest hour. Dr. Rosebrugh ceased to be a student only when he ceased to live. Many an article in medical journals did I receive from him, on subjects of recent invention or discovery, or operations in his own favorite field of study and research.

Of every true physician, indeed, of every lover of our race, it may be said, as was said in mockery of the Great Physician, "He saved others: himself he cannot save." Or, in other words, the helping and uplifting of our fellows must always

be at the sacrifice of our own ease and comfort. The law of sacrifice is stamped on the warp and woof of our common nature. But, on the other hand, none know the luxury of living, or ever taste of the sweetest nectar distilled for noble souls, but they who carry in their own bosoms the sweet consciousness that in their sacrifices the wants and woes of humanity are lessened, the pains and penalties of suffering fellow-travellers are mitigated or removed. The physician has a preëminently wide field for the exercise of this divine altruism, and, so far as I know, the profession has most generously cultivated it.

Many a home is sad to-day because that Dr. Rosebrugh is no more. Many a heart will bring up the kind words and friendly services which preserve the memory of every true physician. He was my friend and the friend of my family ; the true and tried friend of the College ; and, as I believe, the friend of all. And, spite of the imperfections that show themselves in the lives of all men, in the conflict of life,

in the friction in which human character is formed and finished, I rejoice in believing that his noble spirit now re-enjoys the companionship of those who, through the aid and example of the Saviour, have tried to make this world healthier and holier. In parting with him I bid good-bye to a friend staunch and true; an honest man, true to his family and friends, true to his country, true to his profession, true to his church and his God.



Address by Rev. Dr. Smith,

PASTOR OF CENTENARY CHURCH.



LIFE.

On the 5th of November, 1828, a child was born. On the 25th of March, 1897, after a busy, useful, noble life of nearly three score years and ten, that child was "gathered to his fathers."

Dr. J. W. Rosebrugh, one of the oldest, best known and most respected physicians of our beautiful city, is not, for "God has taken him."

Solemnity becomes us at this hour, yet it should be a solemnity mingled with something of Christian joy, for another has gone from the sorrows and conflicts of earth to the beatitudes of "the better country." The occasion has its lights as well as its shadows—its *jubilates* as well as its *misereres*.

Familiar as we are with the words, too

often we are strangers to the *spirit* of the hymn :

“ Weep not for a brother deceased ;
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison released
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.”

The late Bishop Brooks has well said :
“ The life of any human being is so interesting, that if it can be sympathetically and simply put before the world's attention, it will be legitimately interesting to others.”

To do that in the present case, with anything like due regard to details, is altogether out of the question, and quite beyond the scope and purpose of this service. A brief characterization of the man and his work is all that can be attempted or expected to-day.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

Respecting his career and standing as a professional man—so beautifully pre-

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sented by Dr. Burns—it is needless to say that my personal knowledge of him in that relation is neither so extensive nor exact as that of many others who have enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship through the lapse of many years. He was thoroughly methodical in his habits, and shunned no difficulties that might arise in his profession. He was a careful student of the latest discoveries of the healing art, and always kept himself abreast with the progress of the age. In the sick-room he was uniformly attentive, considerate and sympathetic to his patients, at the same time exhibiting the judgment and skill of a man who had mastered the details of his trying and laborious profession.

HOME LIFE.

Dr. Rosebrugh was peculiarly happy in his home life. He loved his home, for it was to him a sanctuary of rest. He was a kind and thoughtful husband, regarding it as a holy privilege to relieve

the burdens and promote the comfort of his devoted wife.

As a father he left no duty unfulfilled that his children might honor the name they bore. Refinement, intelligence, piety and affection seemed to blend like a halo of beauty around the whole of his domestic relations. He was a plain man, and loved plain things, and when once you knew him it was impossible to resist the fascination of his genial spirit. He sought to write his name by deeds of kindness and love upon the hearts of his fellowmen, and these are the things which often heal the heart that's broken and make a friend sincere. No wonder that he filled a large place in public esteem. No wonder that his decease has been so widely and sincerely mourned.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Concerning religious matters—those supreme questions of life—they were all definitely and finally settled in his soul.

Dr. Rosebrugh knew whom he had believed. Religion was a bright reality to him. A strong, triumphant faith bore

him along. Like Tennyson, "He believed where he could not prove." Joyous and sympathetic communion with God kept him from all false and sickly sentiment. His religious experience was a clear and limpid stream, which caused his soul to bloom as the garden of the Lord.

Though conservative in many things, he was far removed from the narrowness of the sectarian or the exclusiveness of the bigot. He was a lover of all good men, no matter what Shibboleth they spoke, or under what denominational banner they marched. With Charles Wesley he could sing :

"And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our risen Head."

CHURCH LIFE.

He loved the courts of the Lord's house. His attachment to this (Centenary) Church, of which he has been a Trustee and Steward for so many years, is well known to us all. When health and circumstances permitted, his seat was

seldom if ever vacant. If not called away by professional duties to the chamber of suffering, you might confidently count on his pew being occupied. He was also a prayerful and devout student of God's word. He read his Bible intelligently, and saw behind the letter to the spirit. He sought to translate its teaching into noble Christ-like living. The Word of God dwelt in him richly, in all wisdom and goodness.

THE VICTORY OF LIFE.

During the past year there has been a marked development in his religious life. To even a casual observer it was evident that he was "blossoming for the skies," and to some, at least, it is not a surprise that he has been called up higher.

Throughout his last illness, which was comparatively brief, his heart trusted securely in Christ. He felt the solid rock beneath his feet. He knew that if this earthly house of his tabernacle were dissolved, he had a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in

the heavens. When it was evident that the supreme hour had come, he was not dismayed. On the contrary, he was looking for and hastening unto the coming of the Lord.

As the end drew near, I said to him :
"Doctor, you will soon be at home."
With a sweet smile, he replied : "Yes, and that will be the best of all."

The great victory was won. He marched down into the valley of shadows more than conqueror. Like a ship, stanch and brave, that has weathered the storm and buffeted the waves, he has entered the harbor of rest to go out no more for ever.

"Thus did he pass away, yielding his soul
A joyous thank-offering to Him who gave
That soul to be !"

THE LIFE BEYOND.

Said a Christian man to his son, who was going away for a little while : "John, if I should slip off before you return, you'll know where to find me." Thank God, we know where to find our departed brother to-day. He is not here. He is

risen. He lives amid the light and breathes the love of heaven. He has not ceased to be, he has only ceased to suffer and to sorrow. Death has shut up all the springs of earthly trouble and opened the fountains of eternal joy.

Thank God for the grace that moulded such a character, and blessed this church and community with such a life. He has fought his last battle. He has conquered his last foe.

We say to each other, concerning our friend and brother, "He has gone!" but in heaven they say, "*He has come!*"

Mortals cry : "A man is dead!"

Angels sing : "A child is born!"

" Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet ;
Bear him to the throne of love—
Place him at the Saviour's feet.
Jesus smiles and says, ' Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou !
Enter and receive thy crown—
Reign with Me triumphant now ! ' "



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